

212p1pneub

### In Memoriam.

ON the 20th of May, 1903, at his residence, 12, Cumberland Place, Southampton,

THOMAS GODOLPHIN ROOPER,

in whom the P.N.E.U. mourns a wise counsellor,  
an unsparing helper and a staunch friend.

by C. H. H.

The Parents' National Educational Union has sustained an immeasurable loss in the death of Mr. Thomas Godolphin Rooper. From the first inception of the Union he was with us. He was a member of the first committee, who, some ~~sixteen years ago~~ (in 1887), held many meetings in Bradford to discuss the ways and means of launching the P.N.E.U.: at that time he went straight to the principles of the Union, and embraced them with great warmth and insight.

ich

His power of appreciation, in the fullest sense of the word, the outcome of a fine and highly cultivated mind, of wide reading and a wide knowledge of affairs, enabled him to weigh delicately and justly the possibilities and performances of the Union. He considered, for example, "That the Parents' Union is the most important society for stimulating discussion" (on educational matters). Also, I believe he thought that in proportion as parents brought themselves to take an active part in educational thought and educational schemes would schools become altogether living and serviceable. The discriminating quality, which enabled Mr. Rooper to appreciate justly and hope steadfastly both as



ikp2pneub

regards the P.N.E.U. and an immense number of other educational efforts and outputs, made him also a keen critic. All who worked with him had the assurance that if there were a defect he would see it and would help to mend it.

In the matters of encouragement and of just criticism his value appears to have been profoundly felt both by the Board of Education, by other members of the Inspectorate, by the teachers in his district, and by many and curiously various educational bodies and associations. But we, of the P.N.E.U., seem to have worked a new vein in that so rich mind and generous nature. One would say that he had a singular power of self-effacement, except that there appeared to be no self to efface; "it is all in the day's work," he would say to his nurses when they sympathised with his weariness in the last sad days; and the saying was a key to his life: he appeared to find no necessity for self-expression or for self-advancement; the work, and he there to do it, appeared to limit his outlook. It is here, I think, the P.N.E.U. has reason to rejoice in having drawn from him some graceful and scholarly output of his cultivated mind. He probably would never have written for the sake of literary expression, but we have obtained from him from time to time lectures which make up two volumes of essays,\* marked by wisdom, literary charm and profound philosophic teaching. The secretary of a branch would invite him to lecture; he always appeared to think such an invitation an honour, and the address he wrote for the occasion, while touching on some question of the hour, would rifle his treasures of wisdom, scholarship and wide reading. The essay on *Reverence, or The Ideal in Education*, will occur to some of us; this sort of phrase we find in it:—"Without great thoughts there are no great deeds"; "the true spirit of patriotism is . . . such an appreciation of his country's greatness as leads a man to be humble, modest, ready to sacrifice himself as an insignificant portion for the good of the whole community." I must digress here, to notice how the sterling character of Mr. Rooper's thought proceeded from the fact that it was the outcome of his

\* *Home and School and Studies and Addresses* (Blackie).



u12p3pneu6

life. "I feel like a soldier who has given his life for his country," he said smilingly towards the end; and it is curious how widely this fact has been recognized. It has been well said of him that "he died a martyr to the cause of education."

Another purely delightful essay is entitled *Lyonesse: Education at Home versus Education at a Public School*. "Lyonesse" is his name for the romantic land of public school life, buried beneath the waves of this troublesome world, but by no means forgotten; "Lyonesse," probably also, because Harrow, his school, was founded by one Lyon. Has anything more charming been written on this subject, revealing as it does the pieties and loyalties of the public school man, things which abide with him to the end? Indeed, one wonders if anywhere but in a great English public school and in one of our old universities could a character of such modesty, culture and capacity be produced as we have to lament in Mr. Rooper. He was a Balliol man, a fervent disciple of Jowett, to whom his loyalty was unbounded, and to him, perhaps, he partly owed his insight as regards the true issues of life. From him too, it may be, came his, shall we say, 'Balliol' way of leaving a question open—of stating both sides and every side. I think he hated dogmatism and declamation, and his quiet, tentative way of throwing out ideas and suggestions was apt to be misleading to audiences not on the look-out for Attic salt and philosophic acumen.

Probably an instructed reader of his essays might readily find in them the springs of thought and purpose which moved his life. Was Lord Collingwood his special hero? The essay on *His Theory and Practice of Education* is written with what appears to me the sympathy we feel for a *life* which has helped to make us what we are. Speaking of the three great admirals—Jervis, Nelson and Collingwood,—he says, "It is hardly possible even to speak of these three men without our language and thoughts rising to an elevation above the common and ordinary level of social intercourse." Surely in this sentence we have a key to the fighting ardour which brought about the untimely end we mourn. But then, Collingwood too was an educationalist: "It was his character and superior education, and study of education, and



w2p4pn2u6

its kindred study of occupation in daily life, which made possible to Collingwood such an unparalleled achievement" (to keep eight hundred men on the high seas for twenty-two months, and to keep them in health and happiness).

Indeed, what he says of Collingwood is so word for word the testimony those who knew him would bear of Mr. Rooper, that I cannot help quoting further:—"For it was not merely his ceaseless military (read educational) occupation that wore him out. His correspondence was immense, and so highly esteemed was his judgment that he was consulted from all quarters, and on all occasions, and on a great variety of questions. . . . . He was, by nature and education, a man of cultivated and refined taste, and of great simplicity of character. He united great intellectual power with great amiability, and these two gifts are rarely united in a man. His occupations at home were reading, especially works on history, from which it was his habit to compose well-written abridgments. His recreations were drawing, and cultivating his garden at Morpeth. . . . 'My wits,' he writes, 'are ever at work to keep my people employed, both for health's sake and to save them from mischief. We have lately been making musical instruments, and have now a very good band. Every moonlight night the sailors dance, and there seems as much mirth and festivity as if we were in Wapping itself.'

"Lord Collingwood was a saint, but he was a human, not a Puritan. Occupation of the right kind was the key-note of his educational system, and it seems the safest and most practical for all engaged in education."

In this essay on Lord Collingwood we get several keys to Mr. Rooper's own life. For instance, the wide reading, especially in works of history, the love of a garden, and above all the stress laid on occupation in daily life. The National Handwork Union found in him a staunch supporter, as did its publication, *Hand and Eye*. He delighted to turn out a perfect wooden spoon on his Sloyd bench, and was most keen to learn leather work by watching the students at the House of Education. His zealous work in connection with school gardens, and his *Report* on Continental school gardens are well known.



il2p5pneu6

We get another touch of Mr. Rooper's genial wisdom, and of his many-sided character, in his charming essay on "Gaiety in Education," and still another in his essay on "Don Quixote"; and in his praise of chivalry, even reckless chivalry, a further peep into the moving springs of a life is afforded to us.

One more essay I must mention, which he sent for publication in the *Parents' Review* a few weeks before the end, on *Robinson Crusoe in Education*. No other writer that I know of has seen in this delightful tale another *Pilgrim's Progress*:—"But the island hermit is not alone in the spirit. He had thoughts which led him, now undisturbed by the slow stain of the world, to a more elevated frame of mind than he could find in society.

"Knowledge and truth and virtue were his theme, and thoughts the most dear to him were lofty hopes of Divine liberty.

"Robinson Crusoe saves from the wreck a Bible, which his sad life on the island leads him to appreciate. Just as Defoe describes his hero as cut off from social and political life, so he thinks of him as free from ecclesiastical controversy. As Crusoe bit by bit fights Nature and subdues her, so his spirit wins her way to religion by aid of the Bible without human intervention. . . . If you overlook this passage you cannot understand the drift of Robinson Crusoe." Here we get a glimpse into a region of thought which the writer was apt to keep jealously guarded. He abhorred cant—educational, social, religious; but those who knew him best, that is, those who were continually about him, knew that he, too, like Collingwood, was "a saint."

Delightful as these lectures were to his audiences, the lecturer found perhaps an equal pleasure in giving them. On his annual visits to the College at Ambleside, Mr. Rooper had always 'gleeful'—there is no other word—reminiscences of P.N.E.U. meetings which he had addressed at various places. He was incapable of pettiness or ungentle criticism, and whether his audiences were small and dull, large and intellectual, or large and fashionable, he always seemed to take the same gleeful delight that *such* an audience (of whichever sort) should gather for the consideration of



an educational topic. Indeed, the P.N.E.U. was always a fresh wonder to him, an extraordinary realisation of the ideal. Perhaps the same sense of gratulation, almost self-gratulation, was shown in the news he brought of students whom he had found at work here and there; in their work, too, he seemed to find the element of surprise that comes upon us in the realisation of the ideal. "Hope" says Dante, "is the mark of all the souls whom God has made His friends"; and he projected, as it were, without words, hope, confidence, aspiration and humility into the young people whose work he came to criticise.

Mr. Rooper was by no means lavish of praise, and was almost austere in criticism, but the students felt, rather than heard, that their spirit was congenial to him, and their work satisfactory. His thoroughness was remarkable: he would begin at about 8.30 and go on till 1 o'clock without pause—hear each of the mistresses lecture and each of the second year's students give a lesson chosen from three sets of notes. The charming thing, to both mistresses and students, was his keen, enquiring, and personal interest in the subject taught. He had a way of leaving the household more in love with knowledge than before; now galls, now weaving, now local geography would excite his curious interest; now a passage in a French or German author, now Italian or Mathematics, but he had always the happy way of making a teacher feel, whether her class were making buns or working problems, that the subject was excessively interesting in itself and for itself. We were all struck by an instance of his thoroughness, two or three years ago. The notes of lessons presented for his choice by the students have always covered an unusually wide range of subjects, in languages, handicrafts, art, science and what not, but it occurred to him that he had not heard them give piano lessons, and piano lessons were crowded into the busy day. In the afternoon he would examine the various handicrafts of the students with keen interest and knowledge; then there were drills to be seen, various books to be looked at, and in the evening the students generally entertained themselves and him with some sort of impromptu acting—now and then, a charade in which that awful personage, the Inspector, would see himself taken off with rather graceful



212p7pneub

audacity. It was good to see his gleeful amusement on these occasions.

He knew people and affairs everywhere, and so was often able to have a good deal of conversation with the students on matters they knew; and certainly he took pleasure in contact with women who were preparing for that great work of education which he had so deeply at heart; their enthusiasm and their simple manners pleased him. For their part, the students held their Inspector in great reverence as well as cordial regard: they saw that he knew and that he cared. Once or twice in his generous zeal for education he came to us, I believe at great inconvenience, to give lessons before the students on subjects in which he knew he could help them. On one of these occasions, a student was giving a rather dull history lesson before him; he took up the subject, and such an unfolding of associations, graphic pictures, living interests, perhaps we had none of us heard before. This lesson was hardly a model, for I think there are few persons in the country who could have opened such a storehouse.

1903/ He used to cause a good deal of entertainment at table by referring with gravity to the time "when I was a governess." He really had, after he left college, undertaken the children of his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Butler, during some interregnum, an experience which he greatly enjoyed; and that and his five years' tutorship of the (present) Duke of Bedford gave him a special interest in the education of children brought up at home, and therefore in the work of the House of Education.

It is difficult to speak of Mr. Rooper's delightful and stimulating conversation, and of his genial interest in everything. We have lost a great man; and at a moment apparently when his achievements, his gifts and his knowledge should have been of special value to the nation he served. "To me, personally, the loss is irreparable," writes one of his many friends; and perhaps seldom have such sorrowful words found a wider echo. I do not venture to speak of the sorrow of the ladies, his sisters, a sorrow with which many sympathize; his extraordinary devotion as a brother is well known. But to all who mourn him



he has left, not only the legacy of his life amongst us, but of three sayings, spoken when he was very near the end: "hope"; then, after a long interval, "press forward"; and later, "help from Him." Whether spoken consciously to his sisters, or unconsciously, the messages are those of his life. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." May we of the P.N.E.U. "hope," "press forward," \* and look for "help from Him."

C. M. MASON.

[From "*The Parents' Review*."] ]

\* In this connection we cannot help quoting a few phrases from *The Grammarian's Funeral*, with the motto *Great Men do mean what they say*, by Mr. Rooper (*Parents' Review*, June, 1902) —

"His whole life was a long ascent, in the course of which there was no level ground."

"He lived to magnify the mind."

"Left play for work, grappled with the world, bent on escaping the common life."

"He had laid out his plan for his life-time."

"A great work will require a life-time, and its payment will never be received this side the grave."

So let us,—

"Leave him still loftier than the world suspects,  
Living and dying."



Some of the following Books may be useful:—

1. Furneaux, *The Outdoor World*. 7s. 6d. Longmans.
2. Hudson's *British Birds*. 7s. 6d. Longmans.
3. Miall's *Round the Year*. 5s. Macmillan.
4. Miss Buckley's *Life and Her Children*. 6s. Stanford.
5. Mrs. Brightwen's *Rambles with Nature Students*. 5s. R. T. Society.
6. Thomson's *Natural History of the Year*. 3s. 6d. Melrose.
7. Wood's *Common Objects of the Sea-Shore, Common Objects of the Country, &c.* 2s. each. Routledge.
8. Lucy Wilson's *Nature Study in Elementary Schools*. 3s. 6d. Macmillan & Co.
9. *The Young Collector's Series*. S.P.C.K.

*P.N.E.U. Literary Society*.—Subject for May: *King Lear*.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society*.—Subject for May: *Die versienkene Glocke Hauptmann*. "The Modern Goethe."

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth,

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

## BOOKS.

*Wordsworth*, by Walter Raleigh (Arnold, 6/-). Most lovers and disciples of Wordsworth will, we believe, consider that Professor Raleigh has made the "authentic comment" (to quote the poet's own phrase) on the philosophy and the poetry of Wordsworth. He approaches his subject in a spirit of reverence which wins our confidence. He assumes to start with that that which Wordsworth considered of vital importance *is* of vital importance; or, at any rate, must be so held by those who set themselves to understand Wordsworth. We feel anew, in reading Mr. Raleigh's book, the force of the poet's contention that the occurrences of daily life among the simplest folk, and expressed in the simplest speech, are themselves of the essence of poetry, and conceal "thoughts too deep for tears." Also, that other profound doctrine is borne in upon us, that "nature" is sacramental, not only in the sense that it is an outward and visible sign of spiritual things signified, but also that it is a means of grace whereby we receive the same, *i.e.*, a large content, simplicity, humility and healing. This great doctrine Professor Raleigh interprets, we think, worthily, with the dignity and comprehensiveness it deserves. All lovers of Wordsworth should read the book both for gratification and instruction.

*A Short History of the Ancient Greek Sculptors*, by H. E. Legge (Fisher Unwin, 5/-). Professor Percy Gardner testifies that Miss Legge's book is "trustworthy, giving a sketch of what is most clear and definite in our knowledge of Greek sculpture." The author desires that the book should be used as a reader in schools, and we hasten to testify that here is a school-book after our own hearts. The Scylla and Charybdis of the makers of school-books are triumphantly passed. Here is no hint of a dry-as-dust compilation, nor of that worse fault still, the free and easy and, we think, odious familiarity with great matters which is assumed when a colloquial sentence or paragraph appears to give a complete knowledge of a matter the very fringe of which is not touched. Miss Legge does



14  
May 1905

13p2 pneub

not talk down to her readers, and her simple direct descriptions carry the fire of enthusiasm. She contrives too to string her comments on a thread of history which has never the air of telling the whole story. We venture to endorse the advice which Professor Gardner offers in his introduction, as also the hope with which he closes—"To take full advantage of Miss Legge's teachings, the reader should go through them slowly, section by section, and try to impress them on the mind by visits either to the British Museum or a museum of casts. . . . I hope that to many this little book may be the door leading, if not into a new world, at least into a beautiful and noble province of the old world." The book is illustrated by thirty-two photographs.

*Clear Speaking and Good Reading*, by Arthur Burrell, new edition, (Longmans & Co., 2/6). Principal Burrell is a past master in the art of reading, and, is he the sole authority on that most exquisite art of story-telling? His words carry weight, and the diligent student of *Clear Speaking and Good Reading* should be able to speak and read in a way to give pleasure by the time he has finished his course. Chapter II. deals with vocal mechanism and vocal gymnastics in a very thorough way. The chapter on *Pronunciation* is a just presentation of the view of cultivated persons; "to be able to assume the provincial at pleasure is looked on as a gift, but to be the provincial is looked on as a sin." Mr. Burrell appreciates, while he forbids, "the wavy tones, the curious, often beautiful, cadences of dialect which mark off provincial from standard speech." "Study to be quiet" in all reading and speech, is the author's special recommendation. Various chapters contain interesting and valuable lists of books dealing with the parts of the subject they treat of. The dedication is characteristic of the author, "To the unconscious teachers of the beautiful in speech—LITTLE CHILDREN—a learner dedicates this book."

*Co-Education*, edited by Alice Woods (Longmans, 3/-). Miss Woods has got together a record of the practical experiences of some six or seven successful workers in the field of co-education, a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the subject. It would appear on the whole that girls work better when there are boys working in the same class, and that boys are more gentle when girls are amongst them; that boys and girls do not play together, nor, considering the more delicate physique of the latter, is it well they should; that mixed schools do not tend to boy and girl difficulties, flirtations and the like; but that boys seldom continue in a mixed school after the age of 14, so that in the higher forms such schools tend to become girls' schools. The general lesson Miss Woods gathers from the papers she has collected is, that "in order to be a genuine success experiments in co-education must be whole-hearted."

*The Study of the Gospels*, by T. A. Robinson, D.D. (Longmans, 2/6 net). This little book, the work of a scholar, is one of a series of *Hand-books for the Clergy*, but it is of singular value to the lay reader as well as to the clergyman. Canon Robinson tells us, that "my object has been to present in plain language such results of my own study as may serve as a guide to the studies of others," and it is, perhaps, this personal element which makes a small book on a great subject surprisingly rich in suggestion as well as in instruction. The author writes from the standpoint of modern textual criticism, noting especially Dr. Harnack's



113p3pneu6

## BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

*Outlines of Field Geology*, by Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co. This is the fourth edition of Professor Geikie's excellent little work, which, although in clear, legible type and enriched with very many illustrations, is of a convenient size for the field geologist's knapsack. It originally consisted of the substance of some lectures designed for teachers, delivered at South Kensington in illustration of a loan collection of scientific instruments, but the matter was re-written for the second edition, and so much extended as to be then considered almost a new and independent work. The aim was primarily to address that large and rapidly increasing body of readers who have made themselves familiar with the elements of geology through the medium of books, but who find much difficulty in applying this theoretical knowledge to the facts presented to their notice in the field. It is one thing to understand a diagram in a book and another thing to absorb scientific knowledge direct from the quarry, the ravine, the mountain, or the sea-shore. Hints from so eminent a practical geologist as Professor Geikie as to the best methods of search and examination, and as to what should be looked for, must prove of the greatest value, and such hints it is the design of this little book to give. The young geologists must remember, therefore, that it is not meant as a systematic text-book of geology, but "it pre-supposes him to have already read some such text-book," and "to have acquired a general knowledge of the scope of the science." "It is to put him in the way of intelligently observing for himself, rather than to present him with what has already been discovered by others." The illustrations are beautiful, and the book is admirably got up. For the fourth edition the work has again been revised and considerably enlarged, and a number of new illustrations have been added from the author's note-books.

*Chapters in Modern Botany*, by Professor Patrick Geddes. London: John Murray. This forms one of the latest additions to the valuable series of University Extension Manuals edited by Professor Knight and published by John Murray. We have no doubt it will prove to be one of the very best works in the series, one of the most interesting in itself, and one of the most suggestive as to fruitful lines of study, even beyond the scope of its immediate field of enquiry. The book, as the author tells us, "makes no attempt to condense a survey of its science," and it has, in fact, "grown out of the syllabus and notes of University Extension Lectures, with their necessary limitations." "In matter and form," he says, "its appeal is to the general reader; yet, in method and spirit, to the student also—in some measure even to the teacher. In botany, as in other studies, educational



2Bp4pneu6

methods alter with the times. In the Linnæan period the 'best botanist was he who knew the most plants,' however little of each; while a later and still dominant school has founded upon Cuvier a type-system which makes him know much, but of few." Professor Geddes recommends both student and teacher to "begin as they would end, neither with conning an inventory of plant-mummies nor with the tissue-unwrapping of samples of these, but with childlike watching, scene after scene of the actual drama of nature, in which life interacts with life." "It is surely in the measure of our intelligent interest in the play that we notice more and more of the *dramatis personæ*, or have keener scrutiny of each actor in his hour. Hence the plan of this little book, which seeks to lead from small scenes to great."

It will thus be seen that this work is not in any sense a primer of the science of botany, or a systematic introduction to the study. University Extension Lectures do not aim to put the student in possession even of the elements of any science. Such an aim could not possibly be reached in a course of six or twelve lectures. What can be done on the science side is simply to do what Professor Geddes has done in this manual—to turn over, not at random but with definite purpose and forethought, a few leaves of the infinite book of nature, and thereby excite the interest of the student, suggest methods of enquiry, warn him against pitfalls, give him an inkling of scientific laws, and inform him on the literature of the subject, so as to equip him in a serviceable manner to pursue the study for himself.

To achieve these results in reference to the study of botany, we think Professor Geddes' book is admirably fitted. The spirit in which it is written is indicated by its motto from Meredith, beginning—

For him the woods were a home, and gave the key  
Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in herbs and flowers.  
The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we  
To earth he sought, and the link of their life with ours.

Professor Geddes' name is a sufficient guarantee for the scientific quality of the work, and its being in no respect behind the age, while it is also a warranty for interesting, individual, and even brilliant style of treatment.

*The Teaching of Geography: Suggestions regarding Principles and Methods for the Use of Teachers*, by Sir Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S. With a keen sense of the unsatisfactory position of Geography in English educational systems, and by no means sanguine that the difficulties caused by inveterate custom will be easily removed, Professor Geikie, in this work, sets forth the principles and methods which in his view are most likely "to secure to Geography its proper place as an educational discipline." He regards it as a matter of vital moment that Geography should be raised to a place in the school curriculum of this country, similar to that which it holds in Germany; and not only for the sake of its own value as a branch of knowledge, but "because it offers a cure for what he conceives to be 'a radical defect in our educational method,' viz., the want of any effective discipline in habits of observation."

Parents and teachers will find a mine of information in the sixteen chapters of this useful book.

186 (See over)



Dec 1897

2Bp5pneub

and her crew is a wrench, that whatever comes next must be less fresh, bracing, strenuous, must in fact be a descent to lower levels. Harvey Cheyne is a boy of sixteen, who drops overboard off a liner and is picked up by the *We're Here* and kept on board, through all that comes and goes, through a fishing season. When he lands, his father, a railway king and a nice man, comes with his mother, from the ends of America to meet him, travelling in regal style with his own engine and his own carriages at double express speed. It is all very splendid and no comment is made; but the reader says to himself, "how vulgar is wealth compared with the simplicity and the natural conditions of the sea-faring life." That Harvey returns to his people a new boy, strong and simple, with the flavour of the sea about him, goes without saying. You can't sit at home and read the book without getting up the better for it, how, then, go through it all! Mr. Kipling will have it on his conscience that every boy will want to finish his schooling with a term on board a Newfoundland fishing schooner and, in truth, boys might do worse. But this is too delightful a volume to be given up to the boys. It is everybody's book and one says again and again of that wonderful magician, the author,—how *does* he know?—but therein lies the magic, and we should not understand if he told us.

*Wagner's Heroines*, by C. E. Maud (Arnold, 5/-). Miss Maud dedicates her book "to all children, big and little, who like *Wagner's Heroes*." We feel ourselves included in this dedication. *Wagner's Heroes* was delightful, and these stories of his three great heroines, Brunhilda, Senta and Isolde, are equally fascinating. It is well that the romantic cravings of youth should be fed on tales of these great-hearted heroines, strong and righteous, who know how to love and to suffer; rather than on the feebler fiction of the hour, with its petty triumphs and poor successes. This is a charming book for the children's hour.

*Animal Sketches*, by Lloyd Morgan (Arnold, 3/6). The worst and the best of these "Sketches" is, that they fill the lazy with envy, the vigorous with emulation. Mr. Morgan says he does not want to give us information but to make us look and see and take full joy of living. But he does give us information in the most taking casual way and of the most piquant kind. Here we have a score of studies of snakes, "froggies," mermaids, Cousins Sarah, and what not. All is delightfully easy and natural; there is no attempt at classification, no sections and sub-sections. We are caught with guile, and some of us would give our heads to know, of our very own knowledge, all we are told about wings, for example, in the single chapter headed "Master Impertinence." This is the temper in which Professor Lloyd Morgan goes to work—he is speaking of humming-birds—"I dare not trust myself to speak of the breathless beauty of these incarnate sunbeams as they dart and hover and flash through the air." The introduction is a pæan on the joy-giving power of nature-study, worthy to be compared with Kingsley's praises of a naturalist's life in *Glaucus*. We owe grateful thanks to so able a scientific man as the Professor for, not an introduction to, but a *souçon* of, natural history, as delightful as *The Jungle Book* in a different way. Let us do the author's bidding, and, "go forth into the woods and through the fields, by the streams and along



the shore, and watch, and listen, and cherish a thankful heart." We believe that many a loving-hearted reverent naturalist of the future will owe his first impressions to this volume.

*The Chronicles of Froissart*, edited by G. C. Macaulay (Macmillan & Co., 3/6). Mr. Macaulay has done an excellent piece of service in providing this edition of *The Chronicles of Froissart*. "Everyone should read Froissart" and we have all known it, but there have been great difficulties in the way. In the first place the chronicles formed a very big book in the original translation by Lord Berners, done by order of Henry the Eighth, by one who knew the ways of courts and camps. The spelling too was archaic and tiresome to read. There is a later translation, it is true, correct, but commonplace and flat. Mr. Macaulay gives us Lord Berners' translation, modernising the spelling and reducing the compass of the work, not by epitomising, but by giving brief summaries of chapters which it is possible to omit. Thus we get a handy volume of quite delightful reading about a most stirring period of European History, writ by a man who was tame about the court of Queen Philippa, and was deep in the counsels of Edward the Third, and of a dozen other royal princes. The chronicler does not pretend to write history, he writes gossip, gossip of the court and of the camp, but it is from such gossip that one learns to know personages, and to realise events. Sir John Froissart sets forth to tell the history of the Hundred Years' War between England and France, "all noble hearts to encourage and to show them example in matter of honour." The early matters he gets from his master, John le Bel, most of the rest, of his own knowledge, "and for that intent I have followed and frequented the company of divers noble and great lords as well in France, England, and Scotland, as in divers other countries." The range of events is enormous. We are in at the death of Robert Bruce and the Coronation of Charles the Fifth. We are acquainted with the D'Artevelde. We hear all about the Chaplet of Pearls, the deeds of du Guesclin, and of a thousand episodes of fascinating interest; and not least we learn how a brave knight and gentleman in the Middle Ages opens his book with a prayer to the Lord Jesus Christ, that he will make it an incentive to deeds of valour and high courtesy to all who read its pages. This is a book for the family bookshelf of every house. An hour's reading aloud every day in some shady place through the long summer holidays would get through the book, and would lay a foundation for a real love of history in the sense of a cordial desire for intimacy with the people of the past and their manifold doings and desires. We have to thank Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for one more precious book issued at an absurdly cheap rate.

*The Most Delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, edited by J. Jacobs, (Macmillan & Co., 6/-). The great beast satire of the middle ages, a novel of adventure in which animals play the part of men, is presented to us in a delightful edition by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, the well-known authority on all matters of folk lore. It is "done into pictures" by Mr. Frank Calderon, the pictures are inimitable. Everyone has read *Reynard the Fox*, and knows into what simple beautiful English it has been done; and how some cunning medieval hand wove a hundred folk tales into one, with



*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for July: Selection from Lowell's Poems.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for July: Selection from Goethe's *Gedichte*.

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth,

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

## BOOKS.

*Robert Browning: English Men of Letters Series* (Macmillan, 2/- net). Readers who take Browning seriously as a teacher whose lessons they set themselves to learn will be grateful for Mr. Chesterton's book. The amateur reader of Browning, who admires a poem and a passage here and there, but who criticises from a height, will find this author irritating; his pages bristle with paradoxes, whimsicalities; and the reader who looks for a calm judicial attitude in the biographer, akin to his own, will avenge himself by saying, "young," "crude," and the like; but Mr. Chesterton puts himself at the feet of his author and looks up at "one greater than I." He gives us an *appreciation*. It is good to have written of Browning's "quiet life, which culminated in one great dramatic test of character"; and, again, to have written, "he displayed a very manly and unique capacity" of laughing at his own work without being ashamed of it. Again, "he was naturally magnanimous in the literal sense of that sublime word; his mind was so great that it rejoiced in the triumph of strangers." Speaking of the deception which Browning judged to be necessary in the matter of his marriage, the author's very just remark is, "it did not in the least degree break the rounded clearness of his loyalty to social custom." It is vexing to read such a sentence as, "These Browning poems do not merely treat of painting—they smell of paint"; and we doubt if Mr. Chesterton has fully caught the secret either of Browning's gaiety in play or of his passionate and comprehending love of painting and music. The greatness of the Renaissance men was an all-round greatness, and it was because he, too, was all-round in his sympathies and achievements that Browning knew how to interpret them. It seems to us a little far-fetched to compare the one great problem of Browning's life with that of Caponsacchi's; but it is quite true that, "this great moral of Browning, which may be called roughly the doctrine of the great hour," enters into many of the poems besides *The Ring and the Book*. We cannot follow Mr. Chesterton through his interwoven comments upon the life and work of Browning, but we are entirely grateful to him; many a book freer from faults is far less rich in suggestion, far less loyal in enthusiasm.

Mr. Chesterton says tacitly with M. Maeterlinck, "Je suis un lecteur assidu et un ardent admirateur de Browning qui est selon moi l'un des plus grande poètes que l'Angleterre ait sus. C'est pourquoi je le considère comme appartenant à la littérature classique et universelle que tout le monde est censé connaître."\*

*Emerson's Essay on Beauty*, edited by S. Cunnington (Norland Press, 1/6). The essay is printed in fine bold type, inviting to the eye. As for the notes and questions they are probably quite suitable and desirable, but

\* *Academy and Literature*. June 13.



14  
July 1903

213p8pneub

our own feeling is that the reader, who is in a fit state of mental development to read a given modern author, should be left to deal with his author according to his own mind.

*Adonais*, edited by S. Cunnington (Norland Press). The above criticism applies even more strongly to the well-printed nicely got-up *Adonais*, by the same author and issued by the same publishers. Here Miss Cunnington gives us pages of parallel passages from other authors, containing or suggesting or amplifying every line of Keats' great poem. A suggestion of the same thought in *Lycidas*, *In Memoriam*, *The Prelude*, or what not, to which Keats gives another expression, is delightful when it occurs spontaneously to the well-read reader; but, when the young student is set to get up this sort of thing, he is apt to get a meretricious and not delightful acquaintance with literature.

*The Norland Readers*, edited by E. Speight. The Norland Press is doing good work. The first of the Norland Readers is a delightful little book for picture, verse and tale. It is a gain for nursery as well as school-room children.

*Tales from the Greek*, by C. L. Thomson (Norland Press, 1/-). Miss Thomson has performed a difficult task very well, but we are not at all sure of the advisability of giving the tales of Eros and Psyche, Perseus and Andromeda and the rest, to young children in all grades of schools. It is a sort of rifling the future for children, who will come upon such tales by-and-by in some form which will be included in "literature," and we doubt if children of a lower grade are likely to get these *Tales from the Greek* into place as mental furniture.

*The Celtic Wonder World*, by C. L. Thomson (Norland Press, 1/-). Miss Thomson has succeeded in keeping the poetic feeling of these tales, and we think that they are more fit on the whole for English children, new to literature, than the Greek tales; and they should conduce to the dreamy wonder so blissful and profitable for children.

*Little German Folk*, by M. Schramm (Norland Press, 2/-). This is a really capital little book. Every page is occupied with some little incident of child life in idiomatic German, by a German, and at the head of each page is a charming picture which catches the quaintness of early German art. What is better—the pictures really illustrate the letterpress, so as to enable the teacher to describe from the German text.

X *The Religious Instruction of Children at Home*, by E. Barker (Wells, Gardner, Darton, 1/-). We notice this little book with hearty pleasure. In the first place it treats with great seriousness the mother's function of giving religious instruction to her children, and in the next it recognises that she must instruct out of full and deliberately gathered knowledge. Mrs. Barker gives us five lists of books for the instruction of children of various ages, some to be used by the mother, others for use in teaching the children. The author has been at the pains to have the titles of books and their prices certified by the publishers, a real kindness to her readers. We agree with Mrs. Barker that "it is impossible to carry on such instruction thoroughly without good assistance." She adds, "in choosing, the 'falsehood of extremes' has ever been in my mind." Again, "I have tried to keep the choice amongst books which are readable and first-rate." The author's capital plan in each group is to begin with a few notes as to the use of the books, then follows the list, and then a descriptive notice of